VOI.. X.

## BENNETTSVILLE, S. C., JUNE 10, 1885.

NO. 26.

THE LIGHT THAT IS FLT.

A tender child of summers three, Seeking her little bed at night. Paused on the dark stair timidly-"Oh, mother, take my hand," said she, "And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way From dark behind to dark before; And only when our hands we lay, Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day, And there is darkness nevermore;

Reach downward to the sunless days Wherein our guides are blind as we, And faith is small and hope delays; Take then the hands of prayer we raise, And let us feel the light of theel

LOVES STORY.

Mr. Paul Persimmon had just finished his evening toilct.

He was a handsome young man of some six-and-twenty verdant springs, with a yellow mustache and hair to correspond, a pink complexion, like an overgrown masculine doll, and big blue eyes which were pronounced "sweet" by all the young ladies of his acquaintkid gloves, cameo shirt studs and an intangible edor of cau de patchouly about his initialed pocket-handkerchief, one could but think of the wax young gentlemen in "the "drapers' and tailors' ! windows on Broadway.

Mr. Persimmon was very bandsome, spoke with a slight lisp and waltzed like a Parisian-and Mr. Persimmon was on the lookout for matrimonial promotion!

"Paul must marry rich," said all his friends. "He could no more buffet with the waves of adverse fortune than a gold fish could swim among Arctic icebergs. Poor, dear Paul! he must certainly have a wife with money!"

And so Mr. Persimmon himself had thought. He had never been educated to do anything except quote poetry and look handsome, but these things he certainly accomplished to perfection. And he was just issuing from his apartment in Mrs. Gustabrook's first-class boarding house when Major Milfoil met him face to face.

"Hallot" cried Mr. Persimmon, cordially, extending one trim. little gloved

"Hallo, old fellow," responded Major Milfoil, cavalierly. "I was just coming up to talk over last night's party with you. But you are going out-well, I'll walk with you a part of the way."

And he passed his arm through that

of Mr. Persimmon, adding:

"Charming evening, wasn't it?"
"Delightful," drawled the exquisite, swinging his tiny ebony cane back and forth as he walked. "But Miss Ellery does always give such tip-top entertain-

"You, at least, appeared to enjoy it," said his friend, good-humoredly.

saw you firting desperately with some girl or other!" Mr. Persimmon smiled, and pulled his

flaxen mustache. "Yo-esl' 'he observed, consciously.

"I've pretty much made up my mind in that quarter?" "A foregone conclusion, eh?" said

Major Milfoil. "Well, at all events, she is very pretty in the bright sparkling style of feminine loveliness, and she dresses well, too. May I venture to ask her name, and what may be her local habitation?"

"Oh, of course," asserted Mr. Persimmon, "I was going to call there this morning as soon as I'd been round by the club house, and stopped in at the Montmartero Hotel for a few minutes. She is staying at No. --- Meridon street, and her name is Miss St. Os-

"Miss St. Osbornel"

"Yes-what is there so peculiar about the name? It's rather unusual to be sure, but -

"And No. --- Meridon street?"

"Exactly so," was the somewhat puzzled answer. "Now will you be good enough to tell me what you are opening your eyes so wide for?"

"Nothing," Major Millfoil answered with a slight shrug of his shoulders: "except that the Miss St. Osborne who boards with Mrs. Parker at No. -Meridon street, is a music teacher, and gives lessons to my brother's three little girls,"

Mr. Persimmon stopped short in the very dood-tide of pedestrianism that flows at noonday round the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street, and let fall the tiny ebony cane in his consterna-

"Th?" he ejaculated, feebly; "a music-teacher? Why, I always supposed she was an heiress,"

"Who told you so?" asked Milfoil, wondering.

"Well, I can't say that any one ever told me so," answered : .: Persimmon; "but-but I somehov. , at the impression. Why, she wears such splendid

solitaire diamonds!" "Hired, probably, or borrowed for the occasion," suggested Major Miltoil.

"And dresses exquisitely," "That's easily done, if one happens

to have rich relations." Mr. Persimmon smote his hly smooth forehead with his left lavender-kidded

"A music teacher!" he reiterated. "Well, I do say, Milfoil, it's a dence of a shame to pull wool over a fellow's eyes in this sort of fashion. Why, she must be a regular husband hunter."

"Granted that she is," returned Major Milfoil, quietly, "what are you but a wife-hunter?"

"Oh-well-no doubt-very possibly," acknowledged Mr. Persimmon, not without a very visible face of confusion; "but the cases are quite different."

"Will you explain to me the difference?" persisted Milfoil, maticiously.

"A music teacher! Upon my word, it is disgraceful," went on Paul Persim-"And I had almost proposed to her. Dear, dear, what a narrow escape I've had," and he wiped his forehead with his patchouly-scented pocket handance; and as he stood there, in the glo- kerchief. "Think of me living up in the ries of a pear'-colored suit, with lavender | fourth floor of a third rate boarding house and my wife giving lessons to support us!"

And as Major Milfoil lookel at his companion's effeminate countenance and listened to his words, he could not think that Miss St. Osborne had had a lucky escape.

Miss Laura St. Osborne was sitting in her luxurious room at Mrs. Parker's fashionable bearding kouse that same morning, looking extremely pretty in a morning negligee of rose colored cashmere, while her silky black curls were tdie back with a broad fillet of pink ribbon, and diamonds sparkled like so many big, dimpled dewdrops on her pretty fingers. She was a brilliant little brunette, with peachy-red cheeks, long. dark eyelashes and brows as black and perfectly arched as if they had been outlined with a pencil dipped in jet.

Opposite to her, at the mirror, between the two windows, a tall, slender girl of eighteen was trying on a plam, little black silk bonnet.

"Are you going already, Estelle?" awned the Oriental-eyed beauty. "I must, Cousin Laura. I have a

lesson to give at one o'clock at Mrs. Dometey's."

"Busy little bool" laughed Miss St. Osborne. "Really, Stella, you make me almost ashamed of my own dolce far niente lifel"

"But you are rich, Laura, and I am

"Nevertheless, you will not accept pecuniary aid from me, you haughtyspirited damsel!"

Estelle St. Osborne shook her head. "I would rather be independent," said she calmly.

"So I must remain alone to receive the visit of my handsome little adorer, Paul Persimmon," laughed Laura.

Estelle looked keenly at her.

"Laura, do you like Mr. Persim-

"A little!" was the gayly defiant answer. You do not?"

"I have only seen him at a distance, you know-but to me he seems frivolous and shallow!"

"He is very handsome," Laura dreamily observed. "Yes, but beauty is not everying!"

And, so speaking, Estelle St. Osborne left the room.

Three hours afterward she re-entered to find Laura still alone. "Well, did you enjoy Mr. Persim-

Laura pouted her pretty cherry lips, "Mr. Persimmon has not been here at all, Estelle," she answered.

"But I thought he asked permission to call on you this morning?"

"So he did-but it seems that he has not decided to avail himself of the granted permission. Estelle!" with a bright, sudden toss of the jetty cascade of curls 'let's go for a walk down Fifth avenue -it is too lovely a day to shut one's self up in the house!"

And the two cousins set off for a walk on the fashionable thoroughfare. As luck, or rather Cupid, would have it, almost the first person they met was Mr. Paul Persimmon himself,

sauntering gracefully along, in his pearl colored suit and his ebony cane, one arm passed through that of a gentleman-not, however, Major Milfoil, this Laura's face brightened-she half

paused-but Mr. Persimmon, averting his countenance, hurried on, and she could hear him say in a quiet and audible voice. "A mere music-teacher! I never

was so astonished in my life! Why, I supposed---" And distance swallowed up the re-

mainder of the speech. Laura St. Osborne's cheek flushed

scarlet with indignation—her heart throbbed high.

is a fool and a shallow one at

Miss St. Osborne met him at a party that self-same evening, but neither sought the companionship of the other. The subtle chains had been snapped asunder-the electric charm dissolved!

A month afterward Mr. Persimmon met a friend on the street, or rather an acquaintance, one Mr. Howard Boyn-

"My dear fellow!" he cried, seizing him by a button of the coat, "is this true that I hear about you.

"Is what truel" Mr. Boynton demanded composedly. "That you are engaged to Miss St.

Osborne." 'Quite true!"

"Miss St. Osborne?" "Yes."

"But—she is a music-teacher!"

"That would make not a hair's difference in my estimate of her, even were it true," Mr. Boynton haughtily observed. "But it happens that you are completely mistaken. Miss Estelle St. Osborne gives lessons in music, thereby elevating herself in my estimation through her high-souled independence; but her cousin, Miss Laura, is herress to a fortune in her own right, of over one hundred thousand dollars!" And Mr. Boynton, extricating himself from the grasp of the perfumed little dandy, walked quietly on, leaving the latter gentleman transfixed with astonishment

and dismay.

He had let the hearess slip through his fingers after all! And a hundred thousand dollars! Paul Persimmon grew pale as he thought of it!

"It's all Milfoll's fault!" he cried querulously to himself, "But I never will believe what people say again." What a pity it was that our dapper little hero's good resolutions had come

too late.

Drinking Coffee, From Abysinia coffee drinking appears first to have become known in Persia, where it is mentioned in records a parly as the year 875. From the kingdon of the Shah the use of the beverage exterded to Arabia and Egypt, and in the beginning of the Afteenth Mecca, in 1511, its use was placed under ban by the Governor, Chair Beg, who thought he discovered in the exflilarating drink something prohibited by the Koran; but to make matters sure, he ordered an ecclesiastical court to determine the question. Presiding over the deliberations of this solemn body were two learned Arabian doctors-the brothers Hakimani-who de clared, in the scientific phrase of the time, that coffee was "cold and dry." and therefore objectionable. The black drink consequently was formally anathematized and the prophesy was made that all coffee drinkers would appear on day with faces blacker than the coffee pots out of which they had drunk the poison." The coffee parties of the praying dervishes and the non-praying Mussulmen were broken up, the coffee houses were closed, the stock of coffee in the hands of merchants were committed to the flames and everybody who was discovered with the prohibited drink was bastina doed and using ridden race backward upon a donkey. But this severe law was not approved by the Sultan at Cairo who, himself as well as all the inhabitants of that imperial city were inveterate coffee drinkers. In 1530 the new beverage was commonly used in Constantinople, and in 1551 the first public coffee houses were opened in that city, fitted up with every appliance of Oriental comfort. These soon were called the "schools of knowledge," but they became at last the scene of so much political discussion that the sultan Murad the II, deemed it wise to close them for a time. It was not till 1645 that coffee was introduced into Italy, and seven years afterward a Greek, Pasqua by name, established the first coffee house in London. In 1658 coffee was first handed round after dinner in France, and in 1671 the first coffee house was started in Paris by an Arminian. At that time a pound of cof-fee cost 140 francs, or about \$18, and naturally, in those days, at this price

the consumption was extremely limi-

, Japanese Dentistry. The Japanese dentist does not frighten his patient with an array of steel instruments. All of his operations in tooth drawing are performed by the thumb and forefinger of one hand. The skill necessary to do this is only acquired after long practice, but once it is attained the operator is able to extract a half dozen teeth in about thirty seconds without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth. The dentist's education commences with the

"The system," writes Mr. Turner, 'of common interest in each other's property is still clung to by the Samoans with great tenacity. They consider themselves at liberty to go and take up their abode anywhere among their friends and remain without charge as long as they please. And the same custom entitles them to beg and borrow from each other to any extent. Boats, tools, garments, money, etc., are all freely loaned to each other if connected to the same tribe or clan. A man cannot bear to be called stingy or disobliging. If he has what is asked he will either give it or adopt the worse course of telling a lie about it by saying that he has it not or that it is promised to some one else. This communistic system is a sad hindrance to the industrious, and eats like a canker worm at the roots of individual or national progress. No matter how hard a young man may be disposed to work, he cannot keep his earnings; all soon passes out of his hands into the common circulating currency of the clan to which all have a latent right. The only thing which reconciles one to bear with it until it gives place to the individual independence of more advanced civilization is the fact that with such a state of things no poor laws are needed. The sick, the aged, the blind, the lame, and even the vagrant has always a house and home and food and raiment as far as he considers he needs it. A stranger may at first sight think a Samoan one of the poorest of the poor, and yet he may live ten years with that Samoan and not be able to make him understand what poverty really is in the European sense of the word. 'How is it?' he will always say: 'no food? Has he no friends? No house to live in? Where did he grow? Are there no houses belonging to his friends? Have the people there no love for each other?"

## A Horse on Skates.

"I have here," said the president of the Horse Club, as he snapped a tanitam will . . doonoh-dog thirty feat discontury it was no longer a novelty. In | to down the stable, "a communication asking for the best method to break a colt. It is understood that only the litest and most approved methods must to recommended. Several means come to my mind. He might run a tally-ho between here and New Rochelle. That a Broadway stage, where the driver is

to deposit the fares. Can anyone make further ruggestions?" "I remembe, an experience of mine" gave him \$50 to enter the horse in a near the homestretch as if he could disfound out afterward that a whisky ing could induce him to pass a barroom, That peculiarity broke me."

"I got broke one winter on a race near Toron(o," broke in the stable boy. "It was on the ice. Of course the fellow went right away from me and I and that the animal had actually skait on record--and records can't lie."

carming in Portugal.

Until about the period of the land reforms of 1832, when emphytheusis was converted from a tenure with payments, by services or in kind to one with money payments, the harhoe were almost formed by tramping the grain under plow is made wholly of wood and connor mould-board; but the share (wooden) is carried forward lance-shaped and

as is commonly to be seen in Russia

and not infrequently in Germany. The moving or reaping hook is in shape a short segment of a circle, of which the are is about a foot in length The edge is serrated like that of a file and very sharp, and the hook can be used to cut grass not more than five inches high, the turt of grass being aken in one hand and the edge of the hook drawn with the other against the stems. The cart is of the East Indian or Egyptian type. Two wheels of solid wood, without spokes, but with iron tires, sometimes with nails driven into the periphery, are fixed immovably to an axle, which revolves with them, making a prolonged squeak, resembling that of a steam whistle. The body of the cart is composed of four or five boards laid flat and resting on a frame underneath which are two blocks of wood, grooved to receive the axle. The middle hoard is prolonged forward into a strong pole, to which the yoke is attached and to which the oxen are fastened with ropes around their horns. Indian corn is shelled by beating it with a long stick on a hard surface. It is ground to meal in a wooden block having a semispherical hole in the centre and provided with a wooden club

by way of a pestle. All grain is threshed by hand. Rough food for cattle is cut by nailing an iron hoop to an upright post and with the hand drawing the hay over the edge. A few French and English plows have found their way into the country of late years, but the peasantry are generally too poor to buy them. The winds are inconstant and but few windmills are employed, these few being of the most ancient type, similar to those which Don Quixote is pictured to have ridden against. In the absence of forests to hold back the snow and water the streams are subject to tremendous freshets and water powers are not used for mechanical purposes. There is no wood for steam fuel and but little native coal. English coal is used at Lisbon and Oporto, but, owing to the lack rior. There are some old Roman coal they are waterlogged, and no efforts have been made to pump them dry.

Gypsy Pecultarities. Few more fantastic scenes can be ought to break him. He might handle conceived than a gyps,y wedding. The the reins on a Third avenue car at place usually chosen is a sand pit. In thirty-four cents the round trip, or on two long rows, fronting each other, the attendants take their stand, leaving a not allowed, under any circumstances, path in the middle, half way down which a broomstick is held up about eighteen inches above the ground. The bridegroom is called, walks down said the cab-driver, taking off an over- the path, steps over the broomstick, coat that had at least ten capes. "I and awaits the maider's arrival. She was driving a 2:30 trotter along a 100, is called, walks down between the country road. Some fellow came up two rows of gypsies, lightly trips over with a horse that went by me as if I the stick, and is then received into the was standing still. I was dead stuck arms of her husband. A few days of on his action and speed, so when I feasting follow, and then the wild wancaught the chap at the next tavern I dering life is resumed. Children grow up in the tent or van, and as the wants three-minute race for a pot of money become greater, the gypsy matron adds Besides I backed him for every cent I another to her resources for making a could lay my hands on. He looked livelihood. The fortunes she predicts to the farmer's blooming daughter tance the field, but just in front of the bring many a meal to her hungry famclub-house he stopped stock still, ily, and the elegant lady who allows Nothing could move him a foot. I her stealthily to enter her rich home rewards her with money or cast off drummer used to drive him, and noth- clothes when from the lines of her hands she has been foretold a future full of splendor. Old age comes slowly to the gypsy race; weakness, pain and yard. sufferings are strangers among them. and the physician's craft is despised as horse was rough shod, but the other are all the other institutions of the Gorjos. But when death at length lost all my dust. I found that his enters the gypsy's tent he is borne unhorse's shoes had been filed to an edge cofflned to his last resting place, deep n the forest or on the lonely heath, ted the mile in 58 seconds. You'll find and as often as their wanderings bring the gypsies to the place where one of "our people" is laid they stop and pay a short tribute to the memory of him who sleeps beneath the moss or heather,

Southern Alaska.

Alaskans claim that although its northern portion reaches into the Arcunknown. Threshing was usually per- tic regions, its southern part has a winter not so severe as that of Marvland the feet of horses and cattle. The and Kentneky. The cause is the warm current called the Kuro Sino, coming sists of beam, body, share, a single from Japan, which may be called handle, locking as though the whole the Gulf Stream of the Pacific. Sitka thing had been rudely shaped out of a is in the same latitude as Aberdeen forked tree. There, is neither coulter Scotland, being 57 degrees North latitude. For fifty years the records of the Russian observatory showed only three turned slightly forward. The work of times a temperature as low as zero. the mould-board is done by two up- The southeastern portion is clothed right pegs at the heel of the plow, with forests which are mostly coniferthese pegs pressing out the soil on ous, and as dense as those of Washing-Laura St. Oaborne's cheek flushed carlet with indignation—her heart pressed into soft wood; it ends with the probbed high.

"Estellel" she said, "you are right.

sam Woller.

In Rainham churchyard, in Kent. England, is a wooden railtomb over the remains of Job Baldwin, who died in 1837. The people there aver that he is the original of Sam Weller. He was certainly at one time servant to one of the two originals from whom Mr. Pickwick was drawn. An old gentleman who knew Job Baldwin told the writer of these lines that Job used to boast often that his name was the only one that had not a nickname. It wil be remembered how in the story Sam Weller offers this as a compliment to Job Trotter. There is not one character perhaps in Dickens that a practical man could hope to take as an example. Ho has not created one hero or herotue. Thackeray's characters are flesh and blood; Dickens' are phantoms. Florence Dombey, Kate Nickleby, Mary Graham, Emma Haredale, one and all, are feebleness itself. We quote with delight the sayings of many of the characters as epigrams, but the people themselves we never saw or shall see. But when we leave his delineations of character and turn to his endeavors after social amelioration, harfily any praise can be called exaggeration. Salrey Gamp, as we have said, has made way at the hospitals for gentlewomen. Dotheboys Halls are buried full fathom five in the earth.

Bumbledom is, we trust, at an end. At time when it was thought a necessity for comic writers to be more or less coarse. Dickens began a career which left off as it began, sweet and unsuffied as the mind of an infant; because the man him self had children and was jealous for their innocence, and because he had số high a sense of the dignity of his profession that he never descended to use it for base purposes.

## A Colorado Mining Town.

It does not take many days to build

the kind of town miners are willing to

live in, and they don't care what sort of a place they put it in, either, if it is only near the mines. It may be in the very midst of a pine forest, or out ( of roads, none is conveyed to the inte- the steep, bare elde of a mountain disstones and rocks. They cut down a mines near Oporto and Coimbra, but few trees, and leave all the stumps standing; or they clear away the biggest of the stones, enough to make a sort of street; and then every man falls to and builds the cheapest house he can, in the quickest way: sometimes of logs, sometimes out of rough boards; often only with one room, very rarely with more than three. When they wish to make them very fine they make the end, fronting the street, what is called a "battlement front;" that is, a straight square wall, higher than the house, so as to convey the impression that the house is much bigger than it is. It is a miserable make-believe, and goes farther than any other one thing to give to the new towns in the West a hideous and contemptible look. These log cabins, board shanties, and battlement fronts are all crowded as near together as they can be, and are set close to the street: no front yards, no back yards, no yards at the sides, -- but, around the whole settlement, a stony wilderness. It is'nt worth while to put anything in order, because there is no knowing how long the people will stay. Perhaps the mines will not turn out to be good ones; and then everybody will move away, and in very little more time than it took to build the town it will be deserted. There are a great many such deserted towns in Colorado and in California. They always

Camels in War.

seem to me to look like a kind of grave-

In a lecture on the use of camels in war, delivered in London, Lord Napier of Magdala said that a strong, well-fed camel could carry 360 pounds. including two riders, and even 400 pounds; but there must be great care in padding the saddle, for a sore back tends to undermine the constitution of the animal. No animal should be intrusted for driving to any one not thoroughly accustomed to the work, and the rear seat should be taken by soldiers. The men, too, should have a few lessons in camel riding. They should be instructed to sit loosely on the saddle, and so allow their movements to fall in with those of the camel. and by so doing they would add to their own comfort and that of the animal. To sit tightly and to grid with the knees, as on horseback, produced a needless strain on rider and animal, and gave a less secure scat. In the actual clash of arms the camels should form the bulwark of the square, and the inner part of the square should be protected by the fire of the soldiers, who could have the bodies of the camels for their protection.